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## BOOK REVIEWS

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THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE, OR KLALAM AND KCLICKATAT. By Theodore Winthrop, to which are now first added his Western Letters and Journals. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by John H. Williams. With sixteen color plates and more than one hundred other illustrations. Royal 8vo. half vellum. (Tacoma, John H. Williams, Publisher, 1913. Pp. XXVI, 332. \$5.00 net; express 30 cents extra.)

The number of books properly classed as "Northwest Americana" is surprisingly small.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. John H. Williams, of Tacoma, Winthrop's "Canoe and Saddle" enjoys the distinction of recently appearing in new form, enlarged, annotated and illustrated. The new book retains all we older men and women have prized for half a century, and, in addition, the author's complete Western travels are presented to us in a volume to delight every lover of good and beautiful books.

Mr. Williams' previous work had been good preparation for this still more important undertaking. A lifelong student and newspaper editor, he is not only an experienced writer, but also an enthusiast for the Northwest, to which he has given two notable books of his own, "The Mountain That Was 'God'" and "The Guardians of the Columbia." No other volumes so well and so briefly tell so much of the scenery, physical geography and Indian lore of our North Pacific Wonderland. It was natural that he should see in Winthrop's graphic story the foundation for an artistic book, which would, by reason of its added Winthrop material and its editor's notes and illustrations, be largely a new work.

Mr. Williams has restored in a sub title Winthrop's own name for the book, "Klalam and Klickat." "

Two survivors of that early period, Gen. Henry C. Hodges, who, as a lieutenant of the Fourth U. S. Infantry, was adjutant of Capt. McClellan's railway reconnaissance in the Cascades, and Col. E. Jay Allen, builder of the famous "Citizens' Road," which Winthrop describes with much humor, contribute interesting recollections of the brilliant young adventurer, and of events in which he and they played a part in that eventful summer.

In the spring of 1853, Theodore Winthrop, then only twenty-five, came to the Pacific Coast from Panama. Five years earlier he had been graduated from Yale, with honors in languages and history. Not of

robust constitution, he sought health by life in the open air. Two years were passed in the south of Europe, mainly in travel on foot amid the Alps and in the Mediterranean countries. Study of the scenery and historical monuments of those lands developed a naturally poetic and imaginative mind, and prepared him to appreciate the vast panorama that spread before him as he traveled from the Isthmus to California, thence, after a brief stay in San Francisco, up the coast by steamer to the Columbia, overland from there to Puget Sound, and finally across the Cascades and through our great "Inland Empire," homeward bound, to Salt Lake and Fort Laramie. This journey of half a year, then almost unprecedented, is fully recorded in his letters and journals which Mr. Williams has recovered for us.

In these wanderings Winthrop visited the young communities of the Northwest, Portland, Salem, Vancouver, The Dalles, Olympia, Nisqually, Steilacoom, Port Townsend, Victoria. He studied its scenery, resources and people. He quickly won the regard of pioneer leaders, army officers, Hudson's Bay Company factors, and of the humbler settlers as well, by a hearty democratic appreciation of the meaning of their work in founding future states. It was just this quality, as Mr. Williams has well shown, that enabled Winthrop to understand the raw west. To a real liking for people add his well trained powers of observation, unfailing humor, a vivid imagination and a tireless love of adventure, and we have the secret of his success as a painter of the frontier and its life.

In his delightful introduction Mr. Williams points out and emphasizes these qualities:

"Winthrop was probably better fitted to study and portray the West than any other Eastern man who attempted to describe it. His books and still more his private letters and journals show him wholly free from that tenderfoot superiority of tone found in most of the contemporary writings of Eastern men who visited the frontier. In an age when sectionalism was fast driving toward civil war, his point of view was broadly national. His pride in his country as a whole had only been deepened by education and foreign travel. He had come home from Europe feeling the value to humanity of the struggle and opportunities presented by the conquest of the new continent. In the rough battle with the forest, in the stumpy farms on the little clearings, in the crude road that would link the infant settlements with the outside world, he recognized the very processes that had laid strong the foundations of the republic to which later he so gladly gave his life. Ungainly as was the present, this descendant of the great governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut saw in it the promise of a splendid and beneficent future.

"Most of our writers in the years preceding the Civil War were either occupied with sectional discussions and local traditions, or were looking to Europe and the past for their inspiration. \* \* \* For

fiction, our people read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and reprints of the English novelists. Our literature had not yet discovered the West. Winthrop's Western books, 'The Canoe and the Saddle' and 'John Brent,' minted new ore."

George William Curtis, who was Winthrop's neighbor on Staten Island and his closest friend in the years just before the war, bore similar testimony, in a conversation with Mr. Williams more than twenty years ago:

"Winthrop's death was as great a loss to American letters as was that of John Keats to English poetry. He was far ahead of his time in thinking continentally. Cut off before his prime, his books, brilliant as they are, are the books of a young man. But he had vision and power, and had he lived to improve his art, I have always believed that he might have become the strongest, because the most truly American, of our writers."

Readers of Books of Old Oregon are all familiar with the early "Canoe and Saddle." It was the only work in lighter vein descriptive of conditions on the ultimate frontier, when we had here a white population vastly outnumbered by the Indians. The new volume will appeal to surviving pioneers, to Native Sons and Daughters, and to all who are genuinely interested in Northwestern history.

The original "Canoe and Saddle" tells only of its author's last days in Washington Territory. It recounts his swift trip by boat, with the celebrated Clallam chief, the "Duke of York," from Port Townsend to Fort Nisqually, and thence under other Indian guidance across Naches Pass to The Dalles. For the second part of his journey he had as his guide a treacherous young Indian whom he calls "Loolowcan the Frowsy," but who was in real life, as Mr. Williams discovered from an entry in the old "Journal of Events" kept by the Hudson's Bay Company at Nisqually, no less notorious a character than Qualchen, son of the chief Owhi. Both of these Klickitats, father and son, are remembered as trouble-makers in our territorial history, and both paid with their lives for the parts they took in the great Indian war of 1855-7. The role played by Qualchen in murdering the Indian agent, A. J. Bolon, and thus starting that war, is now well known.

It is proof of Winthrop's nerve that even after he saw the shifty nature of his guide, he refused to heed the warnings of Allen and his fellow road-builders, whom he met in the Cascades, but pushed ahead with him over the mountains to the Yakima country, where white men were scarcer even than on the Sound. Later, he may have realized that but for the presence of McClellan's soldiers on the Naches, and for the long arm of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had outfitted him for his trip, he probably would have anticipated the fate of Bolon. But he tells of his

adventure as gaily as if he had felt no danger, and with a zest that make his own enjoyment of its incidents contagious.

"The Canoe and the Saddle" was the first book to put our Northwestern scenery into literature. Its account of Puget Sound, of the Cascades with their forests, canyons, ranges and snow-peaks, and of the Columbia basin, stamps Winthrop as a true poet and lover of nature. No better descriptive writing has yet been inspired by the Northwest.

The original "Canoe and Saddle" had a supplement describing Panama as Winthrop saw it in 1852 and 1854. Mr. Williams has very properly omitted this, since it had no relevancy to the book; and he has substituted Winthrop's letters and journals, which, with other new matter already mentioned, make up more than a third of the volume. This part of the book is of especial value to students of Western history, and of absorbing interest to the few remaining pioneers who, like the writer, crossed the plains in a "prairie schooner."

In 1852, our wagon train was part of the great migration westward over South Pass in the Rockies. From Fort Hall we came across the Blue Mountains to The Dalles. A year later Winthrop traveled homeward practically over the same route. His journals, with their brief but illuminating descriptions of people and scenes that presented themselves as he rode swiftly eastward, bring back memories of our five months' journey along the old "Oregon Trail." Most of his names of men and places, his notes of the great army of settlers pushing forward to California and the Northwest, his accounts of the British recruits for Mormonism, which he later expanded in his stirring Western novel, "John Brent," and his pen-pictures of the wild lands that are even now just beginning to yield to irrigation and settlement,—all this will be appreciated by every immigrant of that early day. Allowing for their personal appeal to me as a pioneer, I still feel that Winthrop's letters and journals add as much to the value of Mr. Williams's edition as they do to its scope.

Winthrop's monologues in Chinook are idiomatically correct, but the proof-reading of the original was done by persons unfamiliar with the "jargon," and a number of typographical errors occurred. Unfortunately, some of these have been perpetuated in the new edition. The Chinook vocabulary, however, has been revised and materially improved by Dr. C. M. Buchanan, Indian agent at Tulalip.

The editor's notes are accurate, succinct and interesting. He has happily kept in view the Eastern reader who knows little of the West, but he has not on that account overloaded the book with notes. Several passages, indeed, would bear further annotation. The appendixes are valuable for the light they throw on the methods of McClellan, the build-

ing of the heroic road across the Naches, our Indian place names, and other matters of historic interest.

Mr. Williams's success in selecting the illustrations testifies to experience and much study, and would alone make the volume noteworthy. The pictures are of great historical value, and they really illustrate the text. There are sixteen magnificent plates in color and forty-eight half-tones. These show the Sound, the Columbia, the Cascades with all their snow-peaks from Mt. Hood northward; many scenes of Indian life, our coast cities in their infancy, the army posts and Hudson's Bay forts. More than sixty line etchings in the text give us portraits of the important personages of the book, white and Indian. Several of the illustrations are from celebrated paintings, others from rare books, or from early photographs treasured by our Northwestern historical societies and museums, the National Museum at Washington, and the great American Museum of Natural History in New York. Mr. Williams himself made a trip with a photographer across Naches Pass and obtained splendid views of Winthrop's route through a region now rarely visited.

This book is of the highest value to students of our Western history, and of such beauty and interest as make it a joy to all readers. I bespeak for it a place in every public and home library in the Northwest.

CLARENCE B. BAGLEY.

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EARLY HISTORY OF IDAHO. By Ex-Governor W. J. McConnell. (Caldwell, Idaho, The Caxton Printers, 1913. Pp. 420.)

It has been somewhat the fashion (and a very good fashion it is) of late years by retired public men, Governors, Senators and others, to leave in the form of reminiscences or histories the record of the events in which they were participants.

Among recent volumes in this field we find that W. J. McConnell, twice honored and Honorable, as Governor and Senator, has given the world a view of the Idaho of which he was one of the builders.

This volume may be considered as having official endorsement, for it is authorized by the Idaho legislature.

Governor McConnell is well qualified for the work. Long residence in the great state so well styled the "Gem of the Mountains," an intimate acquaintance with affairs from the days of the Vigilantes to date, an accurate memory, and a clear, simple and vivid style, all qualify the author to tell the story of Idaho.

Broadly speaking, we may note that the book consists of two main features. The first is a series of events in the days of the "bad man,"